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THE LADY BARK,

OR,

New Upstart-Lady.

In a very merry and pleaſant Dialogue,

Betwixt a Skipper,
A New-Lady,
A Young Scholar,
And a Tapster-Lass.

A North bound Skipper coming from the Sea,
Meets a New-Lady, thus makes Courteſie:
(Skip.) God ſave you, *Lady-Bark* and make you better,
Unto you *Lady-Bark* I have a Letter.
(Lady.) O *Skipper* for that Letter I have long'd.
(Skip.) The Wind (not I) your *Lady-Veſſel* wrong'd.
(Lady.) How fold your ſtuff? (Skip.) Indeed your *Lady-Bark*,
When all coſt quit will ſcarce gain half a merk:
The Markets fallen, (Lady.) You ſtay'd too long at home.
(Skip.) Your *Lady-Bark* hath Wind and Tide to blame,
We cannot mend the Weather, coming from her
He ſaid farewell I bid your *Lady Crear.*
A Scholer ſtanding by, thus jeer'd upon
The Skippers Sea-bred ſalutation.
(Sch.) It ſeemeth *Skipper* you are come from *France*
Could you but ſing, and make a Leg, and Dance
As you can Compliment; you'd ſtreight be made
A Maſter of a School in court-ſhip Trade.

(Skip.)

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Jones & Fabb 42 Salkeld

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Betwixt a SKIPPER,
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A Young SCHOLAR,
And a TAPSTER-LASS.

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Meets a New-Lady, thus makes Courteſie:
(SKIP.) God ſave you, *Lady-Bark* and make you better,
Unto you *Lady-Bark* I have a Letter.
(LADY.) O *Skipper* for that Letter I have long'd.
(SKIP.) The Wind (not I) your *Lady-Veſſel* wrong'd.
(LADY.) How ſold your ſtuff? (SKIP.) Indeed your *Lady-Bark*,
When all coſt quit will ſcarce gain half a merk:
The Markets fallen, (LADY.) You ſtay'd too long at home.
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(SCH.) It ſeemeth *Skipper* you are come from *France*
Could you but ſing, and make a Leg, and Dance
As you can Compliment; you'd ſtreight be made
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(SKIP.)

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(Skip.) What Cryme I pray unto my Charge is laid?
(Sch.) God ſave your *Lady Ship* ye ſhould have ſaid,
And ye ſaid *Lady Bark*. (Skip.) I did ſo, then
I ſee great Clerks are not ſtill wiſeſt men:
What need you jeer my Words, or Quarrells pyke!
Bottoms of Burden are not all alyke.
Ye muſt grant odds (if you be not a Sot,)
'Twixt *Indian-Merchant-Ship*, and Oyſter-Boat:
'Twixt my *Bark* and the *Admirall of Spain*,
Or, our brave *Royall Charles* on the *Main*.
This *Lady* muſt not (though her flaggs be brave)
Such Tytles as my *Lady-Counteſs* have,
Whoſe own, even as her *Noble Lords* forbears,
In SCOTLAND diverſe Ages have been peers:
Yet when to her my *Top Halyardes* I ſlip,
I only ſay GOD ſave your *Lady-Ship*.
(Sch.) But yet this is a *Lady* ſtill, for (look)
This *Pocket-Byble* in my hand's a Book
In all Reſpects, as well (though of leſs ſyſe)
As one in Folio is in any-wiſe:
So is this *Lady; (Lady)* though content
With ſhorter ſtanding, Smaller Lands and Rent.
(Skip.) You muſt grant odds betwixt *Turbet* and *Flook;*
Though both be Fiſh, I grant a Book's a Book;
There are then (arguings from your own Confeſſion)
Some Pocket *Ladyes* of a late Edition.
The Sea doth not my Senſes all benumb
For Huſbands worth, I know the King to ſome
Doth Honors give and ſo doth *Ladyes* make them
Some *Tytles* steall or at their Feet uptakes them,
In Townes, from Mercat, Church, Houſe, Shop and Street,
Good-Wife is ſunk, the *Miſtreſs* there doth fleet
And ſtands a Land-ward: next year you her find
A *New-Rigg'd-Lady* looffing by the Wind.
Perchance a *Veſſel* that in *Summar* laſt
Was *Good-Wife Floy Boat* with a jurie Maſt:
Now out *New-Flaggs*, hoyſe the Top Sail a fathom,

O how

O how the *Lady-Ship!* How how the *Madam.*
For *Top-Sail* Tytles, what needs all this work?
A *Year*, *Old Lady* is but *Lady Bark.*
(Sch.) The onely outward *Skipper* you do take,
With diligence a ſearch if you do make;
You'l find that reall Goodneſs doth ſtand
In *Old-High-Race* in *Riches*, or in *Land:*
Then Women of Deportment ſtill ſhould have
Such Compellations as their (Meene) doth crave.
Beware you do not irritate your Betters
With Gibberiſh,—which you uſe upon the Waters:
Aſk *Nomen-Clators* when ye wail your *Bonnet*
Madam or *Lady* is as ſoon ſaid as *Jannet.*
(Skip.) What? *No Man clatters?* fore and aft ye clatter,
And ſlug three way-rope length aſterne the matter:
I'm not a *Quaker* yet I'le not diſſemble,
The rageing Seas ſometimes have made me tremble.
I know not what you ſay, yet one thing's true,
I honour thoſe to whom honour is due.
Yet ſhould each *Sail*, in her own *Squade* be ſet,
And not ſuch *Tytles* as the greateſt get
Though *Enſign*, *Streamers*, *Jack* and *Flye* look tall,
In *Fleets* each *Veſſell's* not an *Admiral:*
If I do know a *Ladyes* true Condition,
I can ſalute her in a decent faſhon.
If one unknown, *High-Top-Sail-Termes* do covet,
I'le how her *Miſtris*, till I know more of it.
A *Gentle-Woman* ſure wilt think no worſe,
If ſhe but know her Compaſs or her Courſe.
Now at *high water*, if ye on the ſtreet,
Too and again of Women new the *Fleet:*
On either *Boord*, on *Head*, or yet *A-ſtern*,
You *Ladyes* can from *Tapſters* ſcarce diſcern?
The *Stern-moſt* have their *Taicklings* and their *Sailes*
Their *Stirrage*, *Midſhips*, *Fore-Decks*, and their *Tailes*;
Their *Flaggs* and *Streamers* blowing in ſuch ſtate,
As they were *Frigots* of the formeſt *Rate*,

Muſt

Muſt I *Dame-Ship* them all? they ſtrive for place,
Much like *Oſtend-freebooters* in a chace:
They'l clap abroad like *Fire Ships*, and in rage
Blow up their Conſort, for the *Weather-Gage.*
What, She in head of us? It's but ſhort time
Since her beſt Loading was but *Coals* and *Lyme*
A *Herring-Boat* that ſculk'd it by the Shoar,
A *Scout*, a *Kenning* ſtill aſtern or more.
When wee'd aboord *Cloath*, *Hair*, *Silk*, *Silver-Laces*;
Tobacco, *Sugar*, *Sack*, *Spyce*, *Chryſtall-Glaſſes.*
Now She's in head of us, lett *Fore ſail* fall,
Get *Larbooard-Tacks* aboord, down the *Main-ſail*
Heave out *Fore-Top-ſail*, heave *Main-Top-ſail* out
Hoiſe up *Fore-Top-ſail*, hoiſe *Main-Top-ſail* ſtout
Let *Sprit-ſail* fall, *Top Gallon ſail*, out *Maine*,
Fore-Gallant-Top-ſail out, hoiſe all again:
Hoiſe up the *Mizen*, hoiſe *Mizen-Top-ſail* high,
Take heed at *Helm* there; keep her under the *Lee.*
She is about and winds us; Port, Port hard,
Let ryſe *Main-Tack*, let riſe *Fore-Tack:* reguard
Brace on the *Lar-Board Braces*, and get too
The *Star-Board-Main-Tack Star-Board-Fore-Tack*, do
Caſt off the *Star-Board-Braces*, right the Helm,
Keep her a *Lee-ward*, whither wind or calm;
Thus in and out of Courſe in any caſe;
They'l break their *Bold-Sprits* ere they loſe their place.
(Sch.) If ye ſpeak ſo, I'le underſtand as ſoon
What you do ſay, as the Man in the *Moon;*
For your *Sea-hubbub* ſoundeth juſt like charmes
Uſe *Luculent*, and not *Exotick Termes.*
(Skip.) What termes do ye call *Jackalent* and *Sattick?*
I ſpeak my *Callings Language*, and its Prattick.
In *Schools* or *Pulpit* you, I on the *Sea*,
I'le underſtand you juſt as you do me:
When you coyne words from *Latin*, *French* or *Greek*,
Old *Palinurus* hath the ſenſe to ſeek.
It blew a Gale this mourning, I toyled ſore

And

And have drunk nothing since I came a ſhore.
I'm dry, and I can jeſt no longer, come,
I'll give a pynt, or take my welcome home,
(Sch.) Go *Skipper*, I will follow, go before,
Pray enter *Skipper*, enter, take the Doore,
Pray enter *Skipper*, enter, enter. (Skip.) brave!
In offering me the place ye it do crave:
Nay take it, for I know, and so do ye,
Doggs, *Clerks*, and *Women*, ſtill ſhould foremoſt be.
I am dry, dry, dry, if I had once a drink,
In plain *Land-Terms* I will ſpeak all I think.
How *Lady-Lass!* come fill a pynt of *Ale*,
See it be good and fresh, not new nor ſtale.
Good *Ale* indeed drink *Lady*, drink and try't,
Your *Lady-Laſs-Skip*, fair its not denyed.
(Lass) for all your jeſting *Skipper*, it may be
I may prove *Lady* once before I die.
(Skip.) I do believe ye may have your deſire
Tho you get neither *Lord* nor *Knight* nor *Squyre*
Nor one who doth an old Eſtate inherit
Nor one whoſe Vertues doth new honors merit.
The *Ladyes-Springing-Seaſon's* paſſing good,
For never was there ſince the World ſtood
So great a Cropt of *Ladyes* as this Year,
They're even as many as the Ground can bear:
Yea, ſome like *Ground-ſwyle* thrive ſo well, they riſe
Grow up and wither in one *Summer* thrice
Scrape ſome few Pennies, ſcrape in any ſenſe:
Though not with honour or good Conscience:
On ſome *Old-Good-Wifes-Dunghill* lay them out,
And in one *Watch*, a *Lady* thence will ſprout.
A *Lady* this and that, a *Lady Mother*,
A *Lady-Auntie*, *Lady*, who's the other?
Then *Lads* and *Maids*, and *Bairnes* ſhall be whiped
If this *New-Lady* be not ſtoutly *Shiped*
Thence this *New-Lady*, doth *Young Ladies* yeeld,
That flowriſh like the *Lillies* of the Field:

Who

Who though they will not toyle, nor can they ſpin ;
Yet ne're was any *Queen* arrayed more fine :
In *Rhadicipris*, *Saradines*, *Briggade*,
Alaſants, *Curles*, of ſilk and worſet made
Taffeties, *Satines*, plain and *Morall*, *Tabbies*,
Villeraſas, *Velvets* of all ſorts like *Babbies*.
Well dreſſed of more Colours and fine hew,
Then hundreth *Rain-bowes* 'gainſt the *Sun* can ſhew.
Theſe plain or painted, with more various Flowres ;
Than all the product of the *Spring-time* ſhowres :
Nor have they only ſuch fine *Silk* and *Tiſſue*,
But other *Gigawes* of *Old-Eves* proud iſſue
Colbertines, *Trollies*, *Poynt* and *Mazarine*,
And theſe again or brigg'd, or cloſs, or plain.
Betwixt the *Lillies*, and ſuch Garments new
Great difference is Theſe from the Sun and dew
On our own ſoyle do pleaſantly flower out,
But each far-fetched forraign gaudie Clout :
From *France* and *Holland*, *Smyrna*, *Naples*, *Spain*,
From *China* (farther) over the waterie plain
Are wafted : pains and moneys are not ſpar'd
From ſix to ſixty *Scottish-Pounds* a yard
In Truſt, not preſent payment, of Bills a Charge,
Blowes off the Merchant, makes him take it large.
The Merchant for his *broken-Credit* grieved
Doth *Law* and *Aw* his *Debters*, till relieved :
Long *Lybells* read, and *Blowing-Hornes* do blaſt
New *Lady-ſhips* wrackt are, or ſail the *Mast*.
(Lass) My patience (Skipper) cannot bear your *Tale*
I think you ſcald your lipps 'mongst others *Kale*
Would you have no man to buy any *Land*,
Tho he of money can great summes command ?
(Skip.) Forbid I will not, (leaſt I ſeem to reave)
They'l buy, and ſell again, without my leave
(Lass) A man buyes *Land*, and it of right doth hald,
May not his Wife a *Lady* then be call'd ?
(Skip.) She may and will, (yea it is ten to one)

She'll

She'll keep the *Tytle* when the *Land* is gone,
(Lass) May not this *Lady* (call her new or old,)
Wear any cloath in ſhopes for money ſold?
(Skip.) I am a poor *Skipper* I'le be ſtill, becauſe
I am no *Prince*, therefore can make no *Lawes:*
But were my ſentence ſought, none ſhould put on
Nor *Silks*, nor *Forraign Cloath*, ſave *Dames* alone
Of antient wealth and honour; all the reſt,
(Lass) The reſt muſt all go naked, there's the jeſt.
(Skip.) Not naked, we have *Wool* and *Flax* at hame,
I think no honeſt woman will think ſhame,
To dreſſ or cauſe her ſervants dreſſ, and fyne.
Yea, her beſt *Maids* ſpin, and wind up and twyne:
Cauſe make fine Cloath, and ſpare her money: ſaving
Herſelf and Houſhold both from cold and craving.
(Lass) Fy *Skipper* fy, that is for *Ruſtick-Clowns*,
And not for *Gentle-Women*, not for Towns
Fy *Skipper* fy, let paultry *Houſe-wives ſpin*
Who can not other wayes their living win:
As good go naked, (you do ſtirr my paſſion)
Yea better out of life than out of faſhion.
(Skip.) Better be vertuous, and comely clade:
Nor till half Flood be ſpent to ſlugg in bed:
Then up, Comb, Waſh, Dreſs, Dyne, and afternoon
Hover abroad like *Butterflies* in *June:*
To the *Man-market* or ſome *Cummering* viſite,
By Maids and Wives, as now a days is used.
Now *Nakedneſs* ſeems no great puniſhment,
For many Women are right well content
To have their *Breaſts*, and their *Raw-Spawlds* behind
Like *Gally Slaves* expos'd to *Sun* and *Wind.*
I wiſh they were well laſh'd, or forc'd make bare
Their lower *Fore-Decks*, and their privie ware.
(Lass) Ill manner'd Cairle, I must let you know it,
If you had better Breeding you would show it;
If you prate more, (you *Railing Sea-bred-Sott*
I'll break your jeering *Pigs-Nose* with the *Pot.*

(Skip.) Avast

(Skip.) Avaſt! Avaſt! I think this day a Morn,
Some ſorrow Rowed in my *Cobles Horn*;
Some Women look like *Lady-Galiot-ſhips*,
Trim *Lady-Pynk ſhips. Lady-Pleaſure-Boat-ſhips.*
But they prove *Lady-Fyre-Ships*; and begin
To throw *Granadoes* if you bid them ſpin.
But yet not all, good Women are more wiſe,
Than to be cloathed in *Ape-like Toyiſh-guiſe.*
O ſtrange! ſtrange tymes! (its with amazement ſpoken,)
Who ſo ſpeaks truth, muſt have his head now broken.
I am out of Courſe, and need not ſtear more ſteadie
Women and *Clerks* are in my Top alreadie;
If I do waken Doggs, a ſtorm will blow
Will force me bring my *Top-ſailes* all below.
A ſtorm, a ſtorm, a Roaring ſtorm falls near.
I'l ſtand to the *Offin*, till the *Coaſt* be clear;
Far better rule my *Bark* in Rageing-Seas,
Than ſuch light *Land-ſhips*, and their vanities.
The Winds do bluſter, and the Waves do ſwell:
Come take your Money, *Lady-Laſs* farewell.

A Licence for Printing this Book
Nebrida, *Day, Moneth, and year foreſaid*
The Court of Merry Drolls *well Minted:*
Ordaineth theſe Preſents to be Printed.
Sent South, North, Eaſt, Weſt, *where ye would,*
And for twelve Scottiſh Pennies *ſold.*
And whoſo taketh offence at it,
Hath far more vanitie than Wit.
High Tytles, *and* ſtrange Cloaths; *Fooles jeer them*
And Fooles indeed do take and Wear them:
Who if they grudge at this Epiſtle,
May fume, grin, fret, laugh, dance, ſing, whiſtle,
Run out of Wit, or ſit at eaſe;
All's one to us as what they pleaſe;
Fly wyld, ſit tame, make foul fairwork.
Subſcrived JOCOSERIVS *Clerk.*

FINIS. *Be Da: Ferguſon.*